Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done.
Kin. I pray thee peace my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant,
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;
My brother slew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he rescued me,
And sayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dearest Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vniustly too, must grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: the proudest one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit*.
Come *Hastings*, helpe me to my closet, oh poore *Clarence*,
Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of
How that the guilty kindre
Lookt pale when they did
Oh, they did vrge it still vn
God will reuenge it. But c
To comfort *Edward* with o
Enter Dutches of York
Boy. Tell me good Gran
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wring
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my v
Girle. Why doe you look
And call vs wretched, Orp
If that our noble Father be
Dut. My pritty Cosens y
I do lament the sicknesse of
As loth to loose him now y
It were lost labour to weepe
Boy. Then Granam you c
The King my vncle is too b
God will reuenge it, whon
With dayly prayers all to
Dut. Peace Children peac
Incapable and shallow inoc
You cannot gesse who cause
Boy. Granam, we can :
Told me, the King prouok
Deuis'd impeachments to im
And when he told me so he
And hugd me in his armes,
And bad me relie on him as
And he would loue me dear
Dut. Oh that deceit shou
And with a vertuous vizard
He is my sonne, yea and ther
Yet from my dugs he drew
Boy. Thinke you my Vnc
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, ha

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37